

## *Way to Amazonia 3*

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Eva: "Warning: a mild sex scene included."

"\*Mild?\*" I squeaked before returning to a more dykely contralto... :)

Wondering why my glasses are steamed up... And my laptop screen... And the walls of my cube...

Wondering if I have time before the next meeting to go over to the gym for a workout or maybe just a cold shower...

Just then, my boss comes in and tells me that there are these two rugged-looking women in comfortable shoes here to investigate why I've been smiling like a fool all day... Of course, they've come to whisk me off to Amazonia...

I'm wondering if that sturdy solar recharger will fit in my already-overstuffed carry-on luggage, when Bunny, the baggage handler hops up to assist me, assuring me that she will see to it that my treasures will be well cared for for the duration of the flight. I ask how she can survive in the baggage compartment, but she just winks, seasoned traveller that she is, and tells me, "It saves on frequent flier miles!"

"Air Amazonia, Flight 69, now departing..."

Upon our arrival at Amazon City, I notice that Bunny has joined a group of women who are all wearing jeans, despite the tropical weather...

Can these be the infamous Dildo-Dykes I've read so much about on euro-sappho? Approaching the group confirms my guess. There is a lively discussion going on about the merits of various textures, rates of vibration vs. rates of pulsation, and just when a codpiece would be considered an appropriate addition and when it would be considered merely an affectation.

Just as we decide that codpieces would go with just about anything but a miniskirt, our comfortably shod keepers inform us that it is time to begin our decent into deepest, darkest, Amazonia...

Approaching the Customs desk, we receive a knowing wink and the traditional question, "Anything to declare?"

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The endless walk causes the conversation to turn to methods of reducing chafing.

We give up counting the miles, and switch to kilometres, because there are more of them, allowing us to make more progress in less time, which cheers us considerably.

We see a massive ball of feathers swoop by. Looks to be at least a dozen parrots. We wonder aloud how they can fly like that! One says, "Wait until I tell Marlies what I've learned!" then returns to the center of the ball...

After many miles and many more kilometres, we finally reach a campsite where we encounter another group of women rubbing their feet and complaining about the heat. We say nothing, because we have already discussed how to build air conditioning out of the parts on hand, however this would deprive of the parts on hand... Somehow, we feel these may be useful later on...

The women introduce themselves, and we stand, dumbstruck, to find that we are in the presence of the Top Ten Most Talkative Women on euro-sappho!

Marlies shares with us her printout of Eva's story. The discussion turns to how well Eva can write, and which descriptions and phrases are our favorites... Later we fall asleep and all have uneasy, rather erotic dreams...

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